

POLEMICAL ZINE



Issue 11, Vol. 2: Social

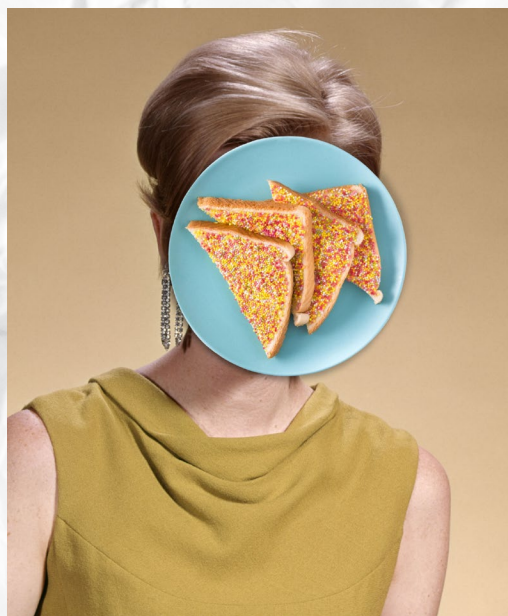
Delivered



ISSUE 11: SOCIAL VOLUME 2

"For those who talk, text, and Tweet to **make their voices heard.**"

EAT YOUR HUMBLE PIE



COVER

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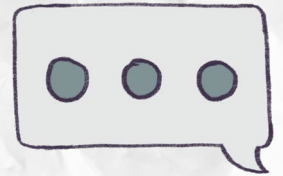
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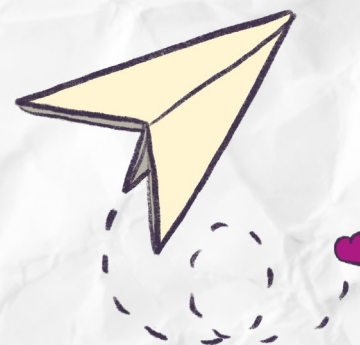
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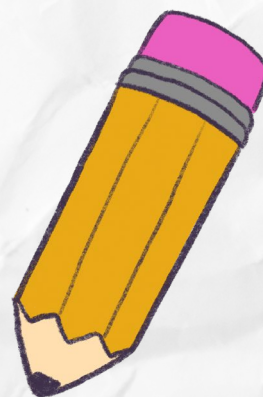
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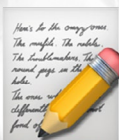
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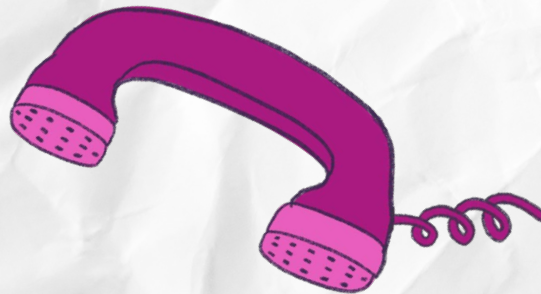


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1:39-10:53

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CHECK OUT OUR
NEW **PODCAST!**



AN EXASPERATED



TED ONLOOKER









Koolkushgirl 9h



I S n T

Blaze it

YOUR



m o m



On HERE?



Send message





EMERGINGARTISTPLATFORM.COM/MILICENTFAMBROUGH





I AM Terrible AT keeping

in touch CONSISTENTLY.
SOMETIMES DAYS, MONTHS,

OR YEARS go by

and WHILE i MAY

NOT say Hi OR

call from Time to
Time -- YOU'RE

ALWAYS on MY MIND.

i'll send YOU A LIKE, A
COMMENT, or A LETTER

NOW and then. BUT
NEVER FORGET YOU

are FOREVER my FRIEND.



© DEAR NO ONE TEXT SERIES by LALA WATKINS

Illustrated text message series to no one in particular.



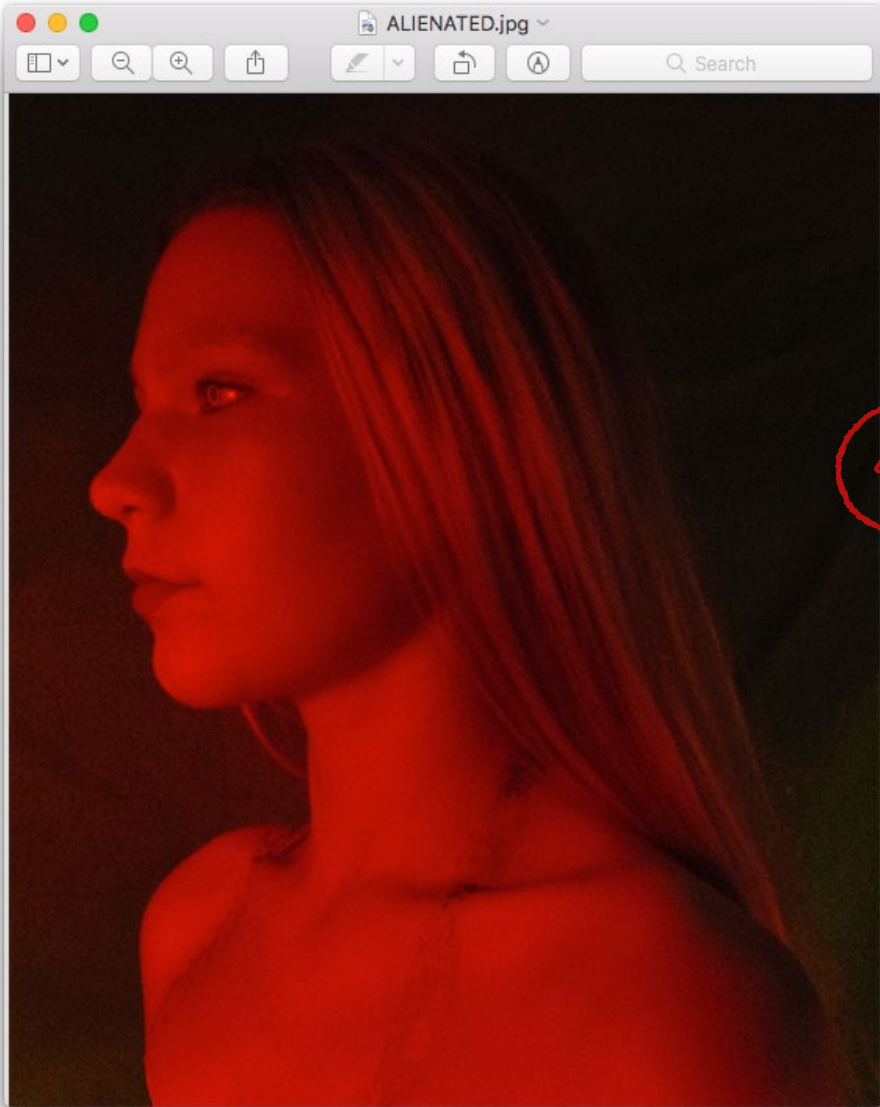







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WHY THE
M.A.S. PROJECT
IS GIVING
LOVE A TRY

KITCHY'S INTERVIEW WITH

THE M . A . S . PROJECT

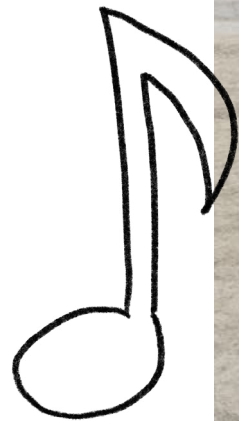
At first read-through you may be mistaken for thinking The M.A.S. Project is an intriguing collective of ambitious young artists looking to make a name for themselves. You'd therefore be surprised to learn it is in fact, the artist name of just one man. However, when you have as many multi-layered musical ambitions as this artist, it quickly becomes apparent why he needs a moniker that commands such scale.

The M.A.S Project is the brainchild of singer-songwriter Michael Anthony Sawers, who explains how he settled on his new title.

"M.A.S. are my initials, so I chose the artist name 'The M.A.S. Project' to release my new music under - my new song 'Giving Love A Try' was released on Friday, No-

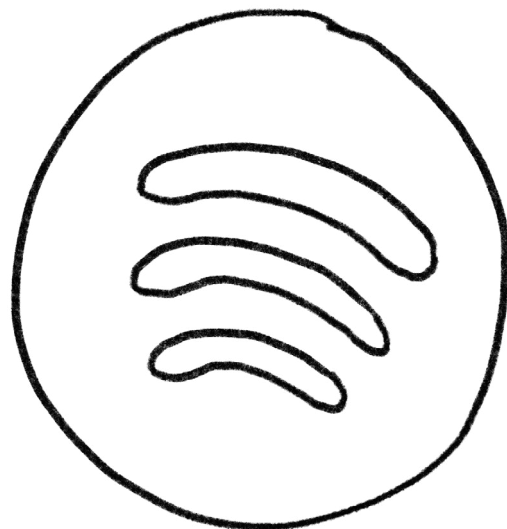
vember 8th! In 2017 I recorded my first ever song 'For You' in my hometown of Calgary and released it right before I started first year at Western University. It was released under my real name 'Michael Sawers'. However, after recording three new songs in January 2019, I thought it would be a good opportunity to make a new artist name. I honestly feel weird promoting my own name, however, I feel much more confident promoting a 'project' that I am working on, so I incorporated this concept into a new artist name. I also love having the word 'project' in there, because to me it connotes the idea of 'a work in progress', which my music will always be."

Aside from birthing possibly the most impressive artist name in music, Sawers is also on an equally impressive mission to





THE-MAS-PROJECT.COM
@THE.MAS.PROJECT





combine musical genres using a mix of influences from a rich singer/songwriter palette to Roots and The Blues, all whilst employing modern production techniques. Indeed on his forthcoming track 'Giving Love a Try' he appears to have accomplished his ambition of bridging both traditional and modern vernaculars very successfully.

With his plaintive vocals, Sawers has a way of evoking a soul tradition that Bill Withers may be proud of, but there is also an intimacy in the acoustic backdrop of songwriting which current artists such as Ed Sheeran have used as their staple. Sawers himself cites Sheeran as one of the key artists that led him to take up songwriting.

"Ed Sheeran and John Mayer are definitely my musical heroes - I remember listening to songs like 'The A Team' and 'Slow Dancing in A Burning Room' and wondering how anybody ever came to write music so well! I started writing my own music at the beginning of 2016 after my high school blues band started to break up (heart-breaking, I know). In hindsight, writing music was probably just a stubborn attempt at keeping music in my life at that time, however, I ended up developing a real love for it."

The poignancy of the lyrics on 'Giving Love a Try' are also indicative of Sheeran's storytelling-through-song template, however Sawers has an original approach on the track which turns the narrative from a purely personal perspective into one of observation of those around him.

"The lyrics on the track are reflective of both my own life and two of my other friends - I originally was going to write a song about myself that day, however I was tired of doing that so I wrote in terms of 'She' to show my friends' perspective."

It's Sawers' emotionally innate ability to merge both the personal and universal conditions that make 'Giving Love a Try' resonate with the listener. It's a purity of delivery that he carries forward into his songwriting method as a whole.

"Although most of my creative process lacks structure and is very impulsive, the common thread in it all is that I try to write music that is honest. It doesn't necessarily have to be about myself, however most of my motivation definitely comes from the rare occurrence of writing a song that expresses exactly how I'm feeling at that moment."

It's perhaps Sawers' lack of structure in his creative process that is one of his strongest assets. He writes when he has something of relevancy to convey rather than writing to a strict timetable. When asked about how he approaches songwriting it's clear that lyrics and strong melodies are his primary motive and the modern production techniques he uses come afterward. In this way he is able to keep an authentic thread running through his songs and the production enhances the overall sound rather than smothers it.

**"ALTHOUGH MOST
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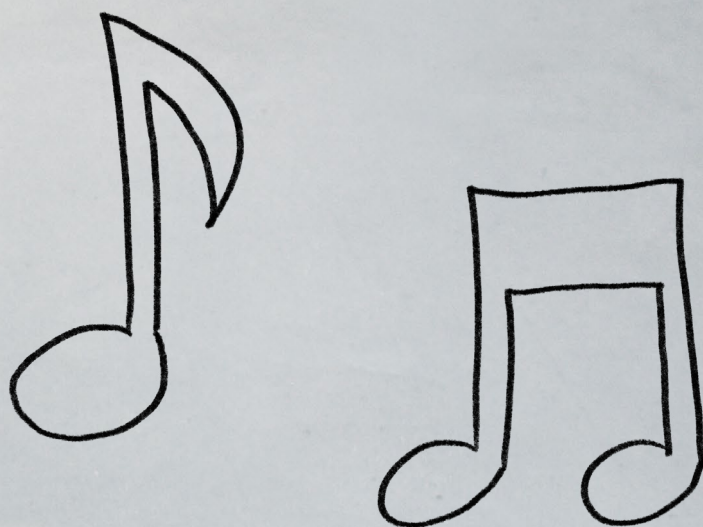




"I personally see music creation in two stages - the Songwriting (lyrics, melodies and chords) and the Production (recording instruments, vocals and final touches). After I wrote 'Giving Love A Try' at a piano room in the music building at Western, my previous piano teacher of over 10 years and another mentor kindly agreed to produce the song for me, and add some amazing finishing touches to the songwriting. We flew out to Stereobus Recordings (where artists such as Christina Aguilera have recorded!) in Winnipeg and recorded the new music. They organized the logistics, and I had the opportunity to see professional studio musicians bring my song to life as a live band. Seeing this for the first time is something I will never forget."

Readers can follow The M.A.S. Project on social media @the.mas.project and listen to 'Giving Love A Try' on all streaming platforms and at www.the-mas-project.com.

All photos courtesy of Michelle Spice Photography
@michellespicephotography





FAILURE TO NOT FORGET



FAILURE TO NOT FORGET



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nine halves of reflection

part i: yeah you've been talking about how you're living through/against/for the nights that break you and i can't help thinking that i want to cut out your tongue ever so tenderly and put it in my mouth just to hear you say my name over and over again.

part ii: been thinking about how before i spilled scalding tea on your shirt, i thought there was only one word in the english language for skin; been thinking about coincidences and how you don't even believe in them (does that make you a narcissist or nihilist)

part iii: every time you touch paintbrush to flesh i wonder if you portray realism at the expense of beauty or if calluses of dreams are being excoriated from your fingertips-

part iv: on those godless nights where the moon hung navy in the sky like a river, like an eye, fever dreams layered over each other- a witch whispered ever so tenderly to me: the absence of life does not imply the presence of death

part v: does that make me a narcissist or nihilist?

part vi: the consciousness was coaxed back into my body: i bit the inside of my cheek when you asked me my name. you act like carrying around the sun in your mouth is an effortless load to bear.

part vii: i'm sorry. for your teeth that ran away. but i must be frank; for they expected an anodyne (and tendrils of me did too). for the limelight nights where it's too dark to touch. the lunulas i've crawled into, into a safe space. compensating for the world of worlds between the kitchen sink and the front door, sagging

part viii: sagging with grief. the grief where you press grey notes to blue guitars and pull your teeth out all the same. as if different pain feels a different corporeal way; but there's only so many wars you can dream of before they all spell your name, syllable by syllable.

part ix: forgive me.



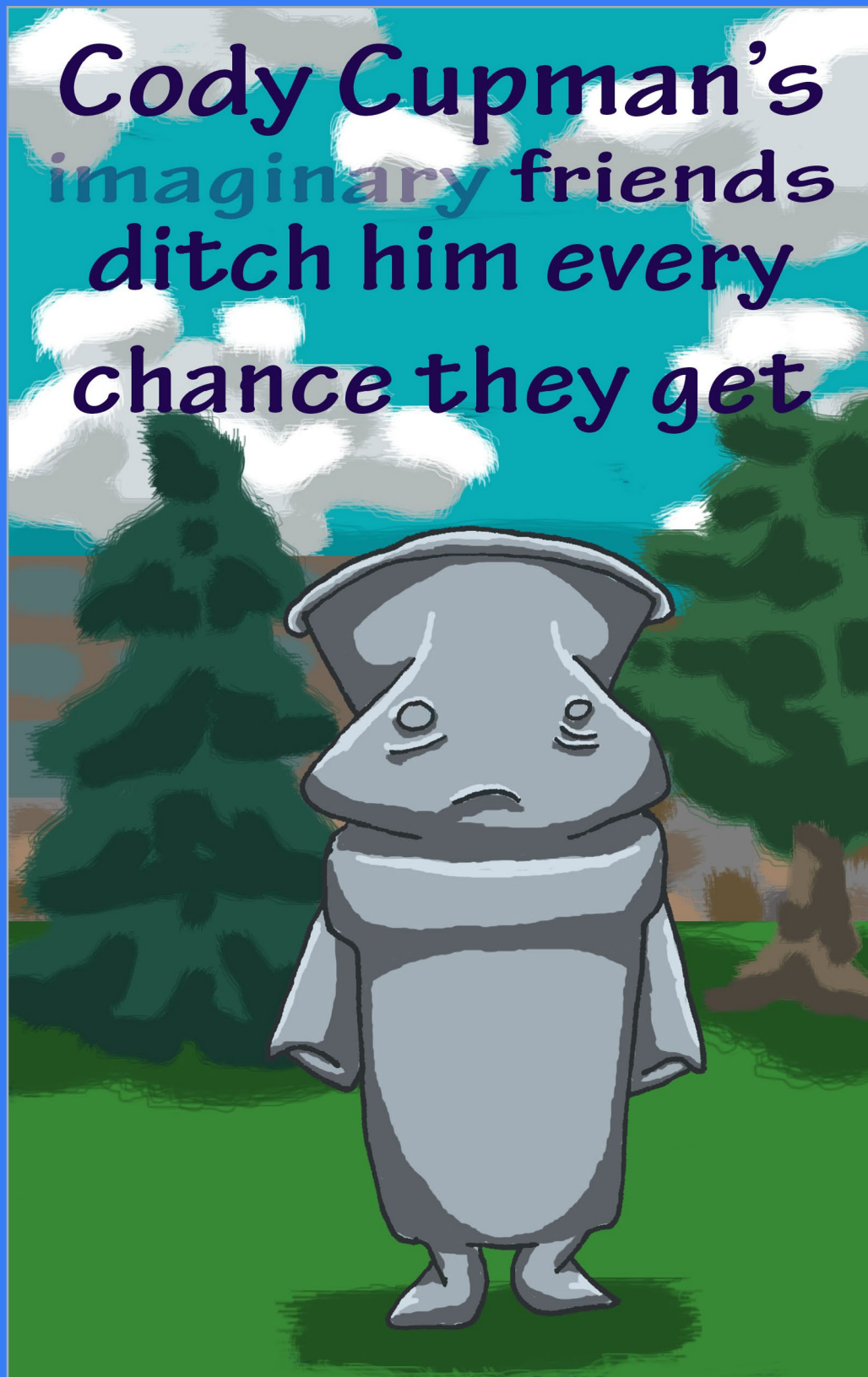
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Cody Cupman
Isn't cool enough
to have to turn off
his cell phone
at the movies





RECOVERY



GRASP OF FORGIVENESS



CORRUPTED

The orange and red areas were made when I was very sad a while back and it is done very slowly made recently when I felt happy. This applies to "New Sight" and "Grasp of forgiveness" as the way I express myself - my outlet if you will. The heartbeat sensor line is a timeline of good things so I won't go through it again. So like a protective barrier.

THIS IS AN ART SERIES WITH THREE PARTS.

THE FIRST IS "GRASP OF FORGIVENESS" - IT REPRESENTS THE PROBLEMS I HAVE HAD TO DEAL WITH IN MY LIFE. "NEW SIGHT" REPRESENTS THE GOOD THINGS IN MY LIFE. THE PIECE THAT TIES IT ALL TOGETHER IS "CORRUPTED HEART"



CORRUPTED HEART



NEW SIGHT

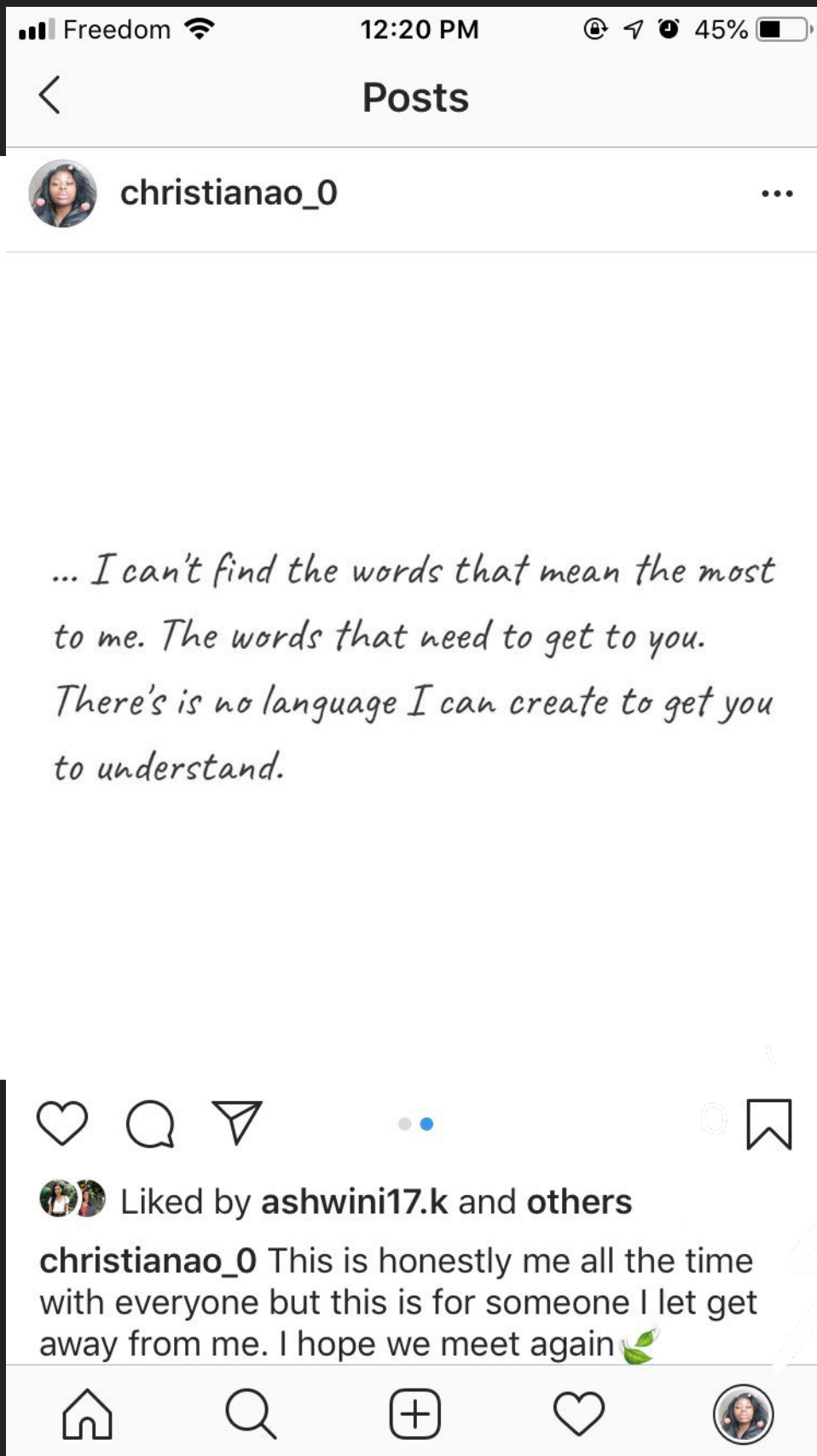
AMRITSAGGU55.WIXSITE.COM/AMZZZ

loppy because I was just getting my emotions out on the page. The purple and pink area were well. The heart in the middle is supposed to be my heart in a way. The spray paint can means art is and bad events in my life. Lastly the barbed wire means I've been through a lot. It's like a warn-

WORDS I CANT



SAY OUT LOUD





the first memory i have of ma is a crumpled up, blurry sepia thing- nothing extraordinary about it- lacklustre smile straining against a swollen belly, ivory lace dress gliding against terazzo, aluminium flash mirrored in her pupils. at that point in time, she was bordering on week thirty four, thirty five?-weeks of pregnancy, with me? and just in time for their anniversary, too- i was to be born a spring bud, just like her favourite bunch of tulips that grew in their front yard- a pink so pale you'd swear it was white, cross your heart and hope to die kinda promise. that was why ma had frequented it- because you had to look at a different angle at bud and leaf alike, put your face up close and personal to the sepals to really see the miniscule tendrils of pink blossoming from below. that's the kind of person she was-always moving and fluttering like a butterfly looking for nectar- always on the go, always with feelers out, searching, yearning, wanting. pa said it was like trying to snapshot the ocean- you just couldn't capture the magnanimity of it in a still, in a plateau (you had to witness her in her grandeur, her motion, for her magic to pull you in, all ebb and flow, all magic that left you reeling).

after she walked out the door with a tiptoe, with a whisper, it was worse than if she'd stormed out. cause some damage, for God's sake! I wanted her absence to ravage the house, turn it inside out like a gutted bloodied animal excavated of flesh and marrow alike- leave some destruction in its wake and be unapologetic about it! i dared the wind to upend each strip of paint on the wall, dig it out like a storm, like a hurricane, like a monsoon. how did pa even expect me to trust the floorboards after that? oh, a fickle fickle man. they'd betrayed me the second they allowed her to leave us, a one way trip to oblivion. i carried around packets and handfuls of rage in the days, weeks, months that followed- pockets that resembled chasms and wars that spelled out my name, syllable by excruciating syllable on each finger.

"darling, you can't carry around this anger with you like a second skin. it eats you alive. it camouflages into your softness, your warmth, until you aren't entirely sure where You end and It begins." pa was the first to paint my nails- i recall he was fidgety, manoeuvring the dainty brush with his calloused fingers bitten to the quick- he was trying his best, but the lid on the jar of his thoughts were becoming looser with age, less cartilage or oil to keep it sealed, i guess. (ma would've known how to do this. she would know what to do here.)

i shed the skin. left it by the front door. hung it up under my winter coat and let it collect dust. refused to acknowledge its presence. i let the years mother me for all the maternal tenderness i had missed out on- pa's oolong tea, curdling steam, two blocks of sugar and no milk- welcoming me every morning without question. painted pa's pinky nail a rusted translucent gold and kissed him on the cheek. uprooted the blasted tulips which, i came to realize, were blushing pink with shame, and in their place planted cherry tomatoes- vines thick and full with sustenance. with every red fruit that bore it was a physical, substantial reminder that i, too, had grown into the sunshine that carried me home after each long day.

"your mother was an enigma, an artist of sorts but a creator in all her glory, in all her shame. that's what i never understood, why she left." i was nineteen now, growing into her blouses and growing into her cheeks, same rose hued ones from the photo.

(what didn't you understand, she left because she was a coward.)

"she knew the profoundness of creation, which is why i wake up each day baffled, i still can't wrap my mind around it. how could she create this masterpiece, this magnum opus- and not yearn to see it blossom? how could she forsake the most ethereal everything and run away?"

(i'd never mention it till the years after, when age wore down the edges of pa's memory like sand- paper- smooth and scintillating- but relief chewed on me wordlessly, spilling its venom like an anodyne into the crevices of my corporeal self- this mother shaped groove that had been gouged into my persona for so long, for eons and lifetimes and timelines (or so it felt)- was filled, brimming, bubbling over the edges, overflowing with love & love & love.

//dad, this one's for you// -maryam emamdee



(THE) (ICARUS) (COMPLEX)

I know what this is,
This is just me talking to myself about myself.
I want more for less,
Time, money and effort than i put in,
You expect grand things to happen when your en-
ergy runs thin,
You create aspirations so high you join the ranks
of Icarus,
Before you plummet from the heavens the glue you
used to fasten those wings just wasn't the
stickiest,
And you find that you've landed back down in a time
cold before prometheus gifted us with warmth and
light to give us life,
But all you face is the bitter taste that comes with
a lack of conviction.

An absent abyss of momentumless silence,
Like the moment before the big bang,
Where is my catalyst. It's a naive question,
We are our own catalysts,
I am,
But i've been locked inside a feud just like the cap-
ulets and montagues for what feels like a lifetime
now,
Consumed by the everyday luxuries and
amenities of the first world population,
Screens like shrines that light up gloriously each
night for down time, That's what they used to be,
At least for me,
Now those fibre optics whisper in my ear at break-
fast and afternoons you see don't get me started
about evenings,

There's no more board games,
Just bored brains,
Eyes lost within the mixing pot dissolving into pix-
elated screens each day,

But they'll keep you happy though,
And they'll keep you safe,
Because you can't rise to disappointment if you're
lost within my new 72inch 4K landscape,



EVAGABRIELLA

With surround sound,
Don't resign yourself to try,
And be great,
Wash yourself in my blue tinge electric light that
makes you stay awake.

It's only the touch of a button away before
TOTAL SATISFACTION.
So relax son,
It's begun,
Half an hour becomes an extended period of time
a perpetual justification until the end of the
next episode.....shall we watch another one, b
Well at this point I guess I say I'm an addict do

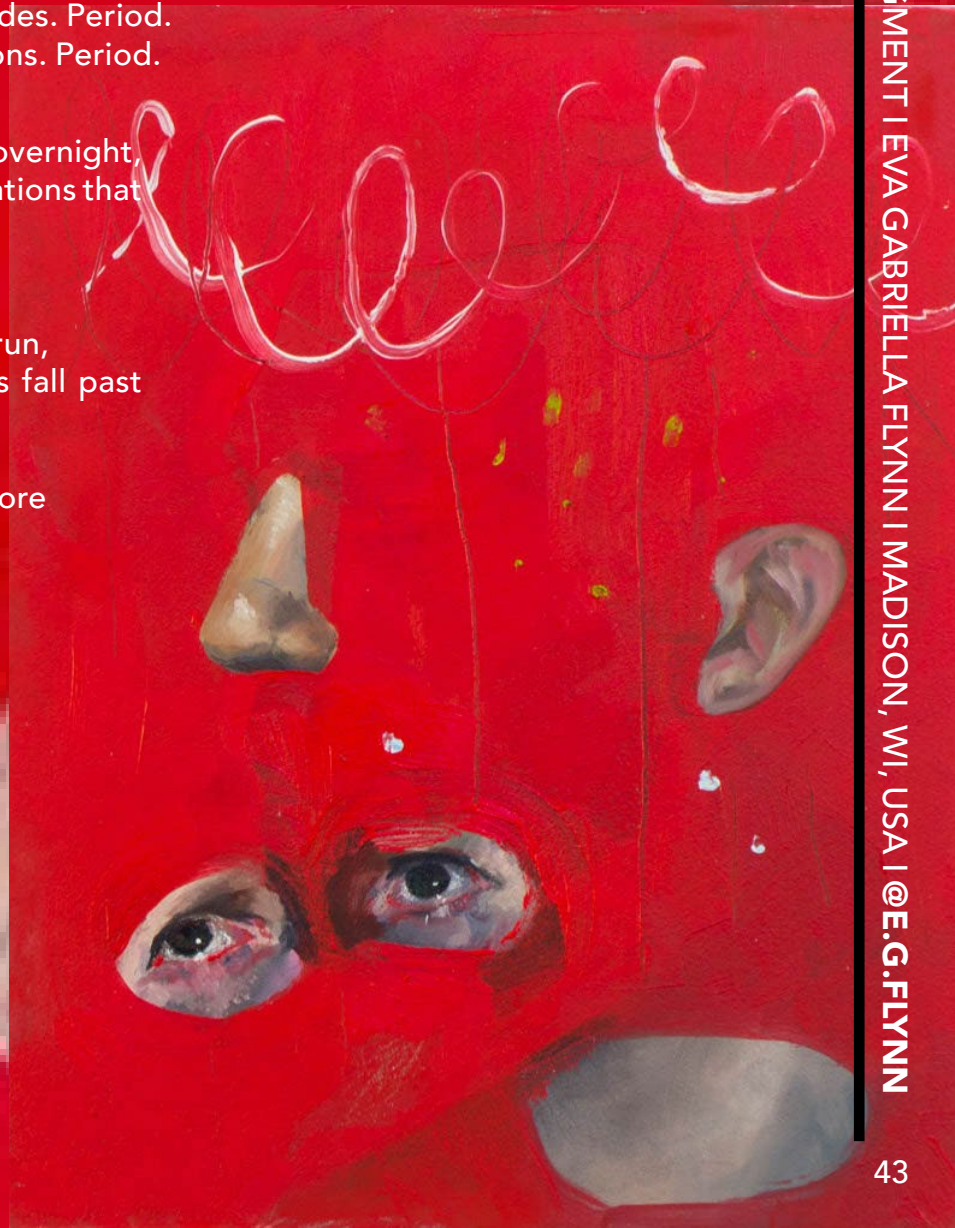


(CHANGE OUR POPULATION)

you know.
Addicted to immediacy, like so much of our population.

You don't need to work hard,
Just put on a façade,
Tell everyone on Instagram who you are.
This plastic confidence I find bizarre.
I'm not slating it I'm just saying honesty goes far.
Be virtuous and be true or get wrapped up in the
complacency of others like you,
Cause it's a rat race out there,
It's fast paced,
So don't be naive about this because you know
we've got to keep up with the trends today.
We've got to make a profit. Period.
We've got to keep consumption. Period.
We've got to change our attitudes. Period.
We've got to change your actions. Period.
We are running out of time,

Things aren't going to change overnight,
But we can start to build foundations that
we can
walk upon,
Turn them into steps,
We're focused and in the long run,
As we climb we see the Icarus fall past
our sides,
We'll say
"They should of built steps before
they tried to fly".



A.COM

at

ime,

oabe?
n't

What did I leave you with?

Do I give you more than lows?

Did I give you euphoria?

Does the colors in your brain start
to float when I'm there or

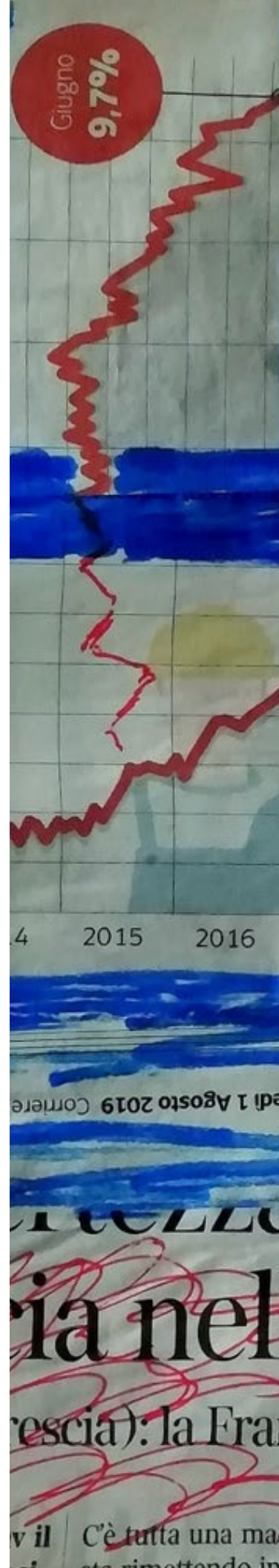
Do you sink

Are you in love with me?

Or are you in love with a high.

Delivered

HOW SOCIAL WE CAN BE WITHOUT OUR PRESENCE.



NO SOCIAL
NO PARTY

PRIMO PIANO





PODCAST
FEATURE!

W

B



SOCIAL BUTTERFLIES WEEDS GROW IN THIS CONCRETE

I do not know
whether or not
to believe what
I've seen.

Is there a truth,
captured in this
screen?

Is there a meaning

hidden behind these
words that they say
about me?

I do not know if

they are masters in
the art of lies or if
they are only opening
doors to what lays hidden.

One part of me says that
they aim to take away my
autonomy, aim to gain hold
of my thoughts.

But yet, another chastises
me, for it believes that I
only overthink. That I'm looking
too deep into it.

They say I'm reaching but the
only reaching that I want to
do is away and out of this
coffin they've place me in.

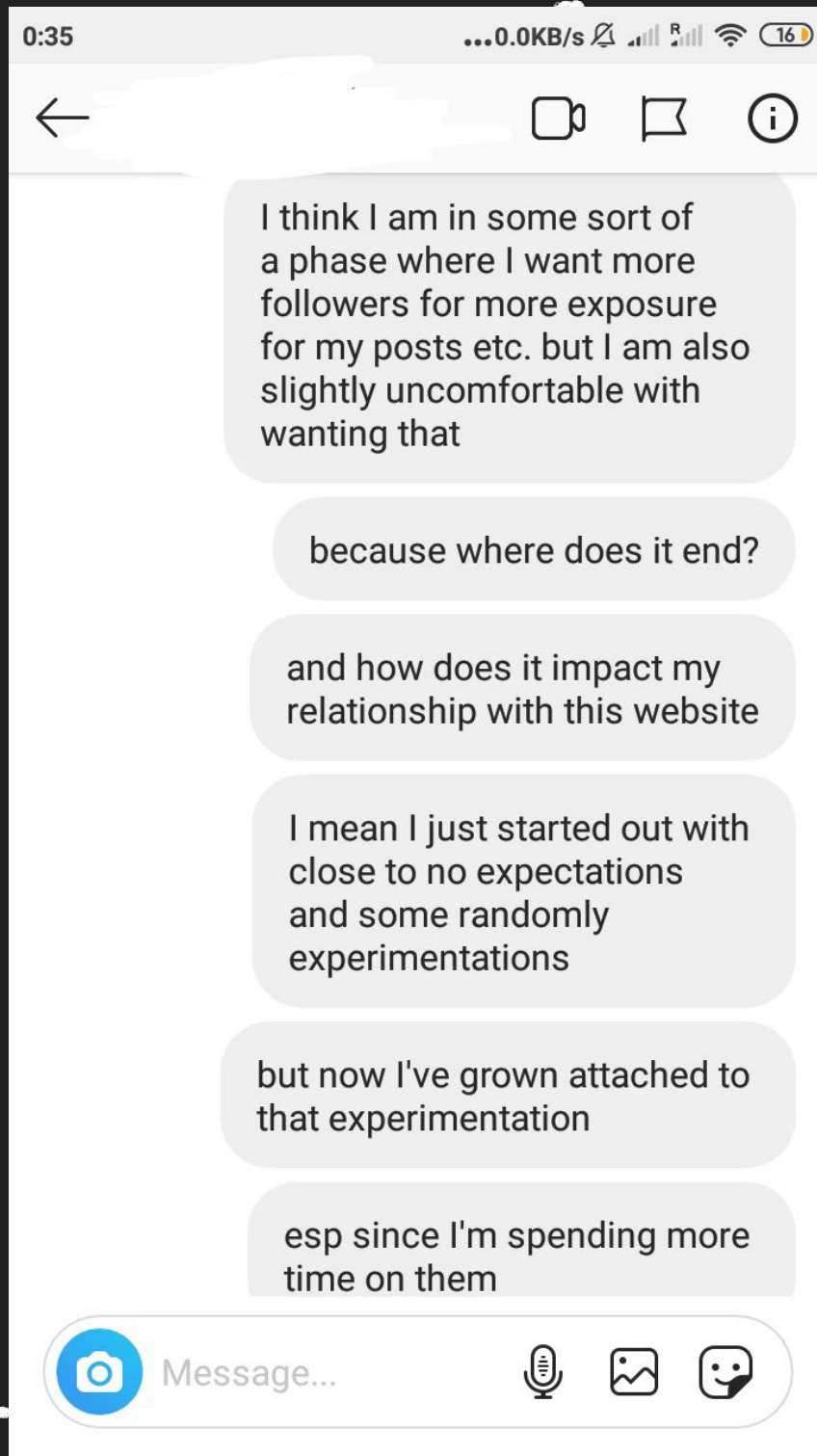
They don't understand that
weeds grow in this concrete,
breaking and cracking it,
tearing it apart.

And I try to be open in one
hand whilst guarding myself
with the other.
Have I lost?

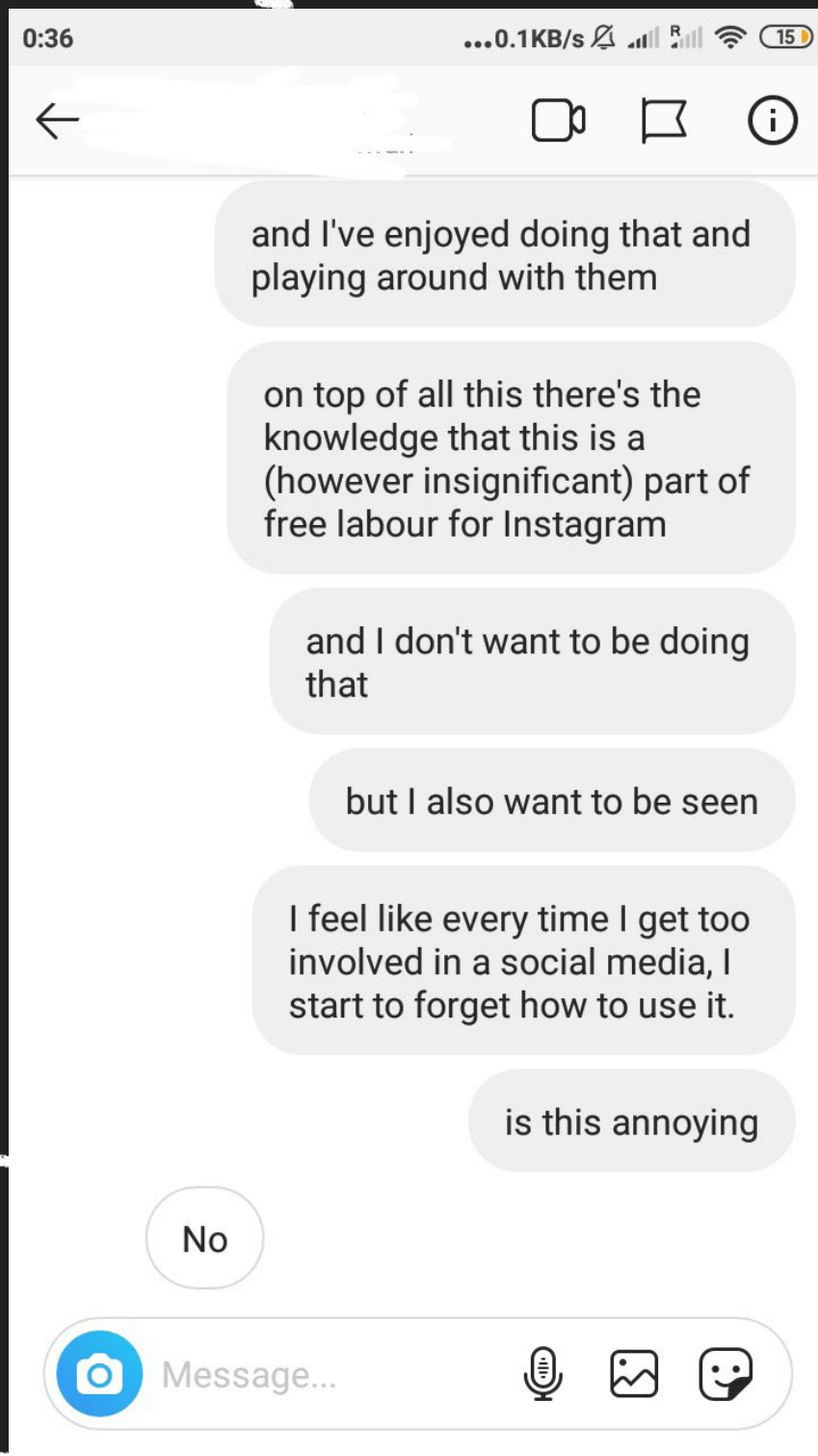
Maybe all that lies within
these screens is superficial.
Maybe the cure to my ailment
is to sit down with those who
love me.

AN INSTAGRAM CONFESSION ABOUT BEING ON

@JASMINEISMELTINGINTOSUMMER



N INSTAGRAM





OPEN LETTER CHILEAN DEMOCRACY IS A LIE

MONDAY, OCTOBER 21ST, 201

Everything started 30 years ago but they want to make it seem that it's because of the \$30 peso (0.4 usd) raise in the public transport fare.

That seems like nothing. So little. But if you add $\$30 + \$30 + \$30$ and go on every daily trip in an average chilean worker's life, it's a lot. It's a lot because



the minimum wage is around \$300.000 (415 usd) and with this raise you will spend 22% of your pay on transport. Shitty and expensive public transport.

And people have had enough.

The rage of injustice made them protest and fight about all the abuses of the past: expensive and bad quality education, senior's suicides because of miserable pensions, drought, corruption in the police and government, scams and robbery from politicians, starting with the president Sebastián Piñera and his \$388.000.00 (535.000 usd) tax evasion.

People have had enough and now the government decides that the best way to control them is sending the military force into the streets, shooting, torturing and killing civilians.

They are punishing the right of free expression and taking our country back to the dictatorship years.

The Piñera government said that this is a war, but it can't be a war if one side has guns and the other side has pans and wooden spoons just to make some noise.

Chilean people have had enough of the unfair and violent system and the government is killing them.

The news doesn't say anything real, they are covering the political abuse. But we have cellphones and social media, there, reality is shown for us to know the truth.

Please inform yourself, google it and share what is happening in Chile now.

Chilean police are killing civilians.

Chilean people are saying this is not a war.

People are together to change the oppressive system.

Piñera is a thief and a dictator.

Chilean democracy is a lie.

453

CLAIM CHECK
IN CASE OF ANY LOSS.

Do yourself a favor and take mixed
signals as a no

Who Do You Love

pleasure for its own sake.

CHOKED

WHERE
HAVE
YOU
BEEN

Have you ever dated
another musician do
you think that it works
out?

How much is
too much?

Love or purpose?

no such thing as good timing

IN NEGLECT

They leave us so to the way we took,

Avoid people and things that don't make your
brain better.

do u believe in
long distance?

LOVE

must there be
fireworks

please smile
you are so beautiful smiling.
You literally radiate light

The hallmark of a good relationship is

Beat Piece

Wine, tacos and BDSM

Listen to a heart beat.

y.o. 1963 summer

Please don't leave me.

On Tuesday the 24th I posted
a story on social media about
sation about relationships, text
messages, and stories. It was
interesting and many people
piecing them together. "Mixed
Messages" is a little bit different
from that Instagram story. It's
well as various photos and
phone. As I started to write
ingly disparate pieces. But
they all seemed to fit together.
socially-mediated. A mélange of
Hinge story answers, screenshots
my own notebook, and
notifications, and a story
that reads, "In case you
These seemingly random
that so many of us use
ly throughout our lives.
to ask a much deeper
love?".

BRYN-MUSIC.COM



CARDS

CARDS

By Delaney Davidson

There are days where it feels like you know
How much you distract me
After your touch how could I feel the same
You have possessed me, like a demon in my
brain

I've played all my cards
While you've barely shown
I'm out on a limb
But it feels like I'm all alone

Your heart won't open
And I won't go looking for the key
If it's not who I am
Then it's not me

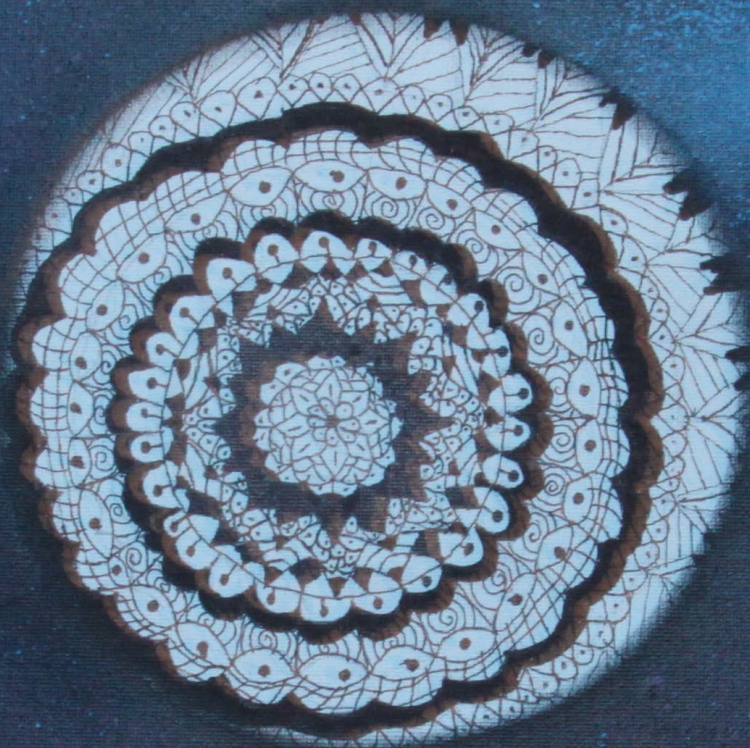
@ICEQUEEN_ISCREAM

4th of September, I put out
media opening up a conver-
onships. The conversations,
ories that ensued were so
oving to me that I started
ether in a collage. "Mixed
ral mix of messages pulled
am-based conversation as
otos or screenshots on my
d to organize these seem-
ieces of media, I realized
o fit together to depict a
conversation around love.
e dating profiles, Instagram
creenshots of friends' stories,
x handwriting, Co-Star
l even a coat check receipt
se of any loss".
random pieces of media
s are exposed to so casual-
r day-to-day lives seemed
per question: "how do we

OM



THE MANDALA MOON



THIS IS ONE OF MY MOST ICONIC PIECES, AND IT REPRESENTS THAT THE WAY WE LOOK AT THINGS OR PEOPLE CAN BE DIFFERENT IN EVERYONE'S EYE.

AMRITSAGGU55.WIXSITE.COM/AMZZZ

THE PRICE OF CITY LIVING

I just moved to a strange urban place
Where cars honk and sirens wail every night
Where people cram into elevators every morning
Rushing off to work, or school, or someplace important
My fellow apartment dwellers seem very self-assured
I imagine them thinking to themselves
"Look at me, my fancy downtown job is the stuff of dreams"
While here I am, trying to make sure my clothes are presentable
And that I don't look like a fool among a sea of carefully groomed appearances

At night, I spend hours examining the skyline
Eyes scanning over the windows of other apartment buildings
Wondering about the occupants living inside
What are they cooking? What are they watching on TV? What did they do today?
I so desperately want to know each and every one of their stories
But after almost two months in the city, I keep asking myself
Is there anyone out there who really wants to know my name?
Will my neighbours think I'm crazy if I try to start a conversation with them?
Who knew human interactions could be so complicated

I like to think I've established a semi-consistent routine
Trying to plan meals for at least two days during the week
Remembering to clean and do laundry on the weekends
I am the person who makes the 15 minute trek to buy groceries that don't cost a fortune
I am also the person who will constantly be searching for the cheapest yoga studio
Maybe now I can actually take a cleansing breath without feeling like I'm going into debt
Maybe other people in the city are going through similar things and feeling similar things
But how would I know?



MCLARENREBECCA.WIXSITE.COM/PORTFOLIO

XOXO

THE MARKET | MOMENTS

How often do you feel angry?

YEAH!

I AM JEALOUS
OF EVERY PERSON
WHO GETS TO SEE
YOUR FACE

Mourn what
you've lost, celebrate
what remains.

Change can feel like a loss, and loss must be
grieved before we can fully move on. Part of the
process is taking stock of and appreciating
what we still have. Think about a painful moment
in your life—maybe it's one you're living through
now. Make a list of the things that were "stolen"
from you. Then make a list of the things you kept.

WHAT WAS LOST

You

WHAT REMAINS

ME





I need to talk to you
Rebecca McLaren



**PODCAST
FEATURE!**

Tell me that you're over me –
or at least,
you want to be.

Tell me you don't think about me –
you don't think about us
or the possibility.

Tell me you don't care about me –
you never will,
and guarantee.

Mean it,
please.

Be mean to me,
please.

Tell me everything I need to hear
to make me hate you.

Right now, I can't help
but adore you.

I tell myself I can have you
one day –

the 'one day' you talked about –
but talk about something else.

Say you've found somebody new
who gives what I cannot give to you.

Say you didn't mean what you wrote in that letter.
Say we'll never be together.

Say something,
please.

I can't stand
the silence.

I need
to talk to you

even if it's just for you to tell me it's over.



pink - Google Search

To: Gemma Sansom

Cc:

Subject: 22:22

From:

Signature:

None

Message Size: 461 KB

Image Size:

Actual Size



To: Gemma Sansom

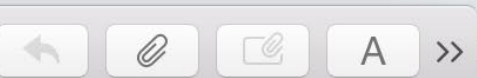
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Subject: 22:22

From:

Message Size: 667 KB





Signature: None
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To: Gemma Sansom

Cc:

Subject: 22:22

From:

Signature:

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Message Size: 387 KB

Image Size:

Actual Size





Selfish

Maybe it is selfish when I walk into Target and I see you and think, "This is my city." You live in the city where we met in school so why are you here? I make pretend that I don't see you. I laugh because that is something you took from me: fun. Do you know what it is like to walk on eggshells? You always look like you want to say hello, please don't. You were supposed to be not here. So why are you here? This is my city. This is my city. You weren't supposed to come back and be better. Go be better.

I hope you're okay

I wonder if you still live in the same city. Did you move to New York? Did you breakup with the world? Is your sister ok? I hope she is ok. I can't watch RuPaul anymore. It has too much of you in it. My alarm was your ringtone and now I have to change it. I suck at change. People say your name – I pretend I don't hear, it hurts less that way. We can't hurt each other anymore. Thank you for all the times you saved me. You didn't understand why I wrote poetry and you never wanted to read my work but you always stayed to listen.

Can you believe this was
written on a train after
I dropped my bagel?

I wanted so badly to write about you
To write about the way you looked
Under low porch light
How the green you always wore
Made the blue in your eyes seem less intense
Made them seem accessible
Like I could reach right out and put my hand into
The tropical storm you always kept around
Like I could finally see you despite it all
All of you
And I wanted to write about how you made me
feel
How I could laugh and joke and talk about my
social anxiety with you
I wanted to write about how you never made me
feel inadequate
Once those walls came down
I felt like you
The way you tried to figure out how
To let the rotted parts of you go
I wanted to write about that shift
The way a soul can slowly unravel from the dark,
shadowy
Web it's hidden itself in
The way it untangles when it feels understood
I guess I wanted to write about all of this
Because I just didn't know how to say it
I was afraid it was too soon
To tell you that I felt good when you caught
My eye from across a crowded room
And you would make some face just to watch me
grin
And I'd swallow up that lingering smile you'd leave
with me
That you made me feel good when you joked
about
Your anxiety and your sadness
Because I knew you'd understand
I wanted to tell you how confused I was when
I realized how similar we are
After six odd years
It turns out you're scared too
I didn't know how to say any of this to you
Or if I even should
Because I didn't want you to think it meant more
Than it really did
Or that it was some sort of love confession
That I need you with me in a way you couldn't be

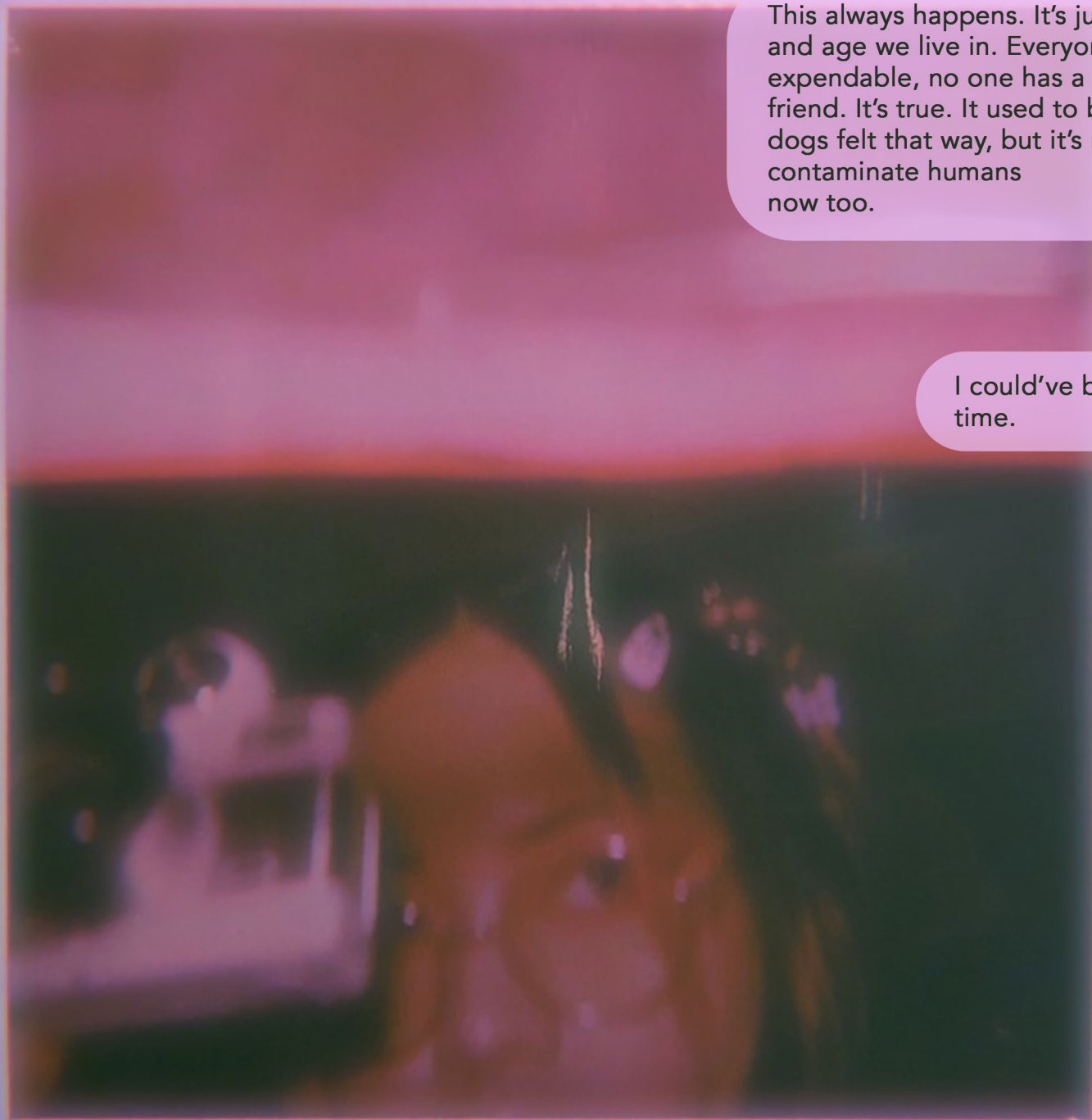
I guess Clairo put it best
Because I wouldn't ask you to take care of
me
I just wanted you to know that I see you
And that all I really wanted from you was a
familiar comfort
For you to take this knife I've held so tight
And cut me down the middle, dissect me
I wanted you to see all that I held so tight
inside
I wanted to be cut wide open for you
So you could one day be open to me
I wanted you to know how I loved that
Beneath your exaggerated exterior
You were really just trying to protect the soft-
ness inside
Protect yourself from the damage this world
could do
And I don't blame you
Because I protect myself too
But I wanted you to feel safe with me
Wanted you to know that I'd protect you too
That together, busted open and soft
We would be safe
I never wanted that with anyone
Because I always felt safe on my own
But I think I'm learning that sometimes you
have to
Share your safety with others
And I think I would do that for you

I wanted to name this poem after you
So I wouldn't have to say any of this
But I couldn't, because then you'd really
know

I wanted so badly to write about you
And in the messiest way, I did

So whenever you do figure out these words
are about you
Come find me
So that we can let the salt from our tears mix
together
When we both let out this sadness
We just can't seem
To let go





This always happens. It's just the d
and age we live in. Everyone's
expendable, no one has a real
friend. It's true. It used to be that o
dogs felt that way, but it's moved o
contaminate humans
now too.

I cou

I could've been love
time.

Are we hiding behind the
camera or are we the art
within it?

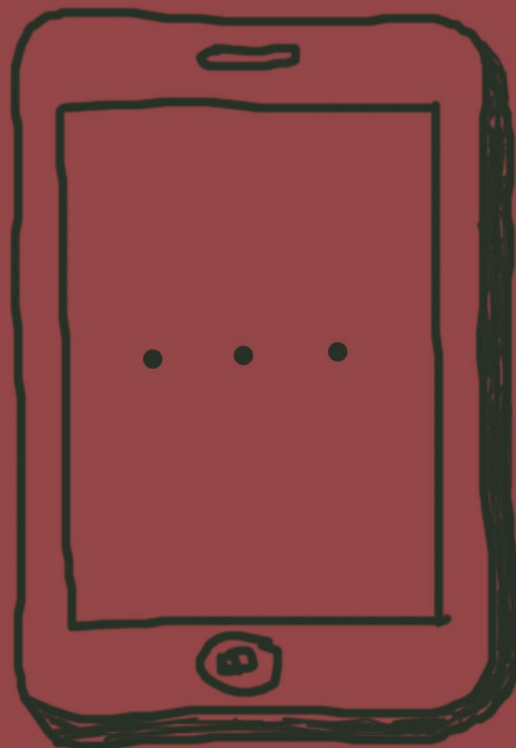


ay
nly
n to

10/09/2019

ld've loved but it's not my time.

ed but it's not my



Only when the world is harsh towards me do I wish I had someone to hold me but they're all gone, the ones who could've – they showed their true colors and I showed mine. Now we're both alone. Unable to love each other, unable to love any other.

I've been steeped in self-hatred and regret. I've been steeped in giving myself away with nothing to show, nothing in return but scars, weakened heart.

I guess it's just not my time. Those men were never supposed to be mine, never meant to be anything more than left behind.

Forget it all. Just forget, let it go. No need for a hand to hold. I've pushed all of them away. I've wanted only one, the one, since the day we met. He let me go.

He was not worthy of my love anyway, that's what they all say.



TRYING TO BE FUNNY



jfreyan

someone: how are you doing?

me: no

Source: jfreyan

50 notes



Jasmine K 🌈

@jfreyan

my therapist: you don't have to
question everything in your life
me: but why?

NY FOR THE VOID



Jasmine K 🌈

@jfreyan

someone: you are weird
me: i try



Jasmine K 🌈

@jfreyan

e: argh why hasn't anyone else
tten about this yet???
y inner voice: bitch, why don't
u?

[boastmyself](#)



Jasmine K 🌈

@jfreyan

i relate to people who struggle to
understand me and my words.
because me too sis, half the time
i can't remember why i said/did
that, but it made sense at the
time!

@JASMINEISMELTINGINTOSUMMER



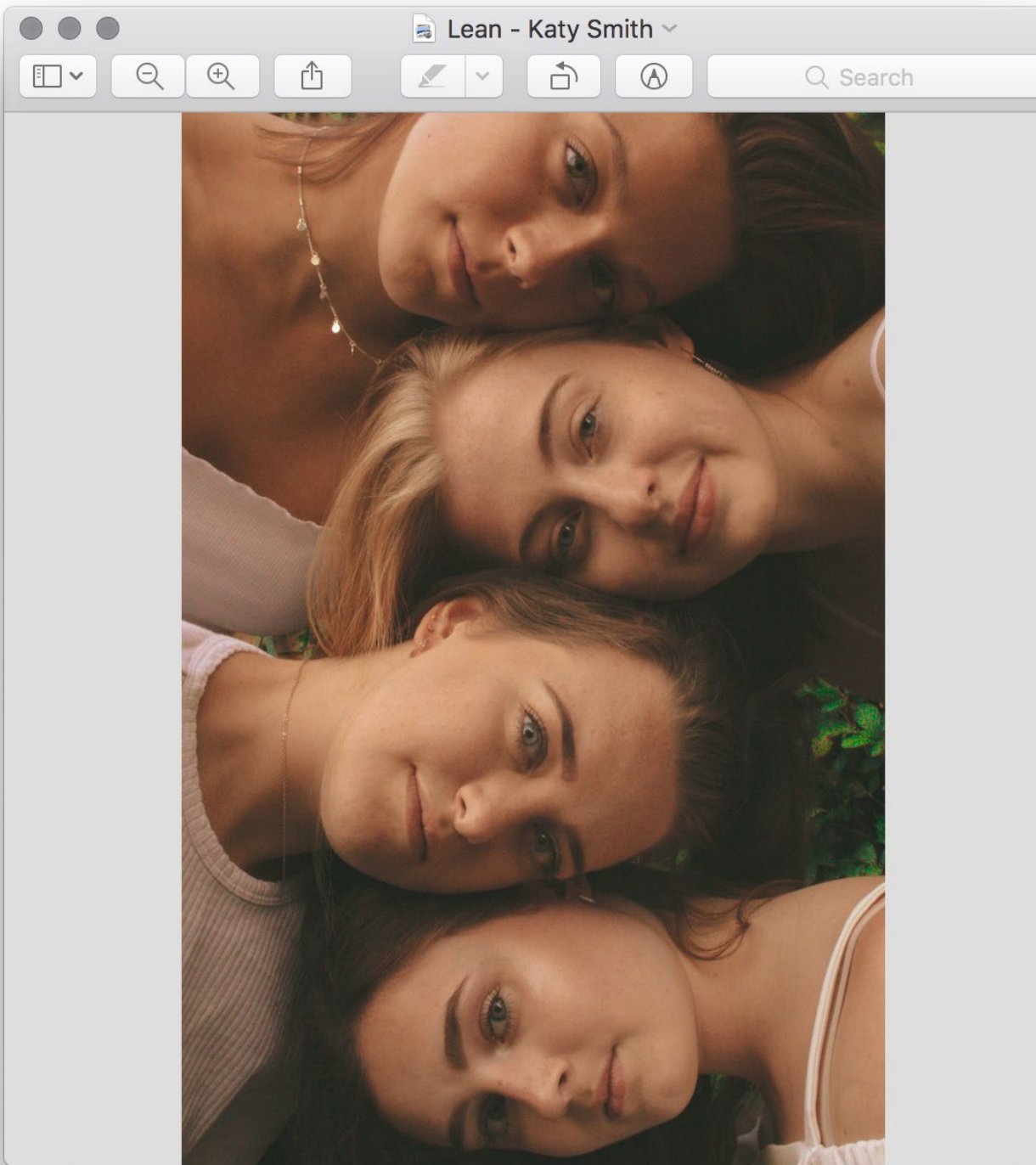


UNTITLED

There's me heading home in the opposite direction to my work
There's me having coconut milk and cornflakes while she's in the shower
There's me away to the park and ride
There's me away to have to get two buses probably
There's me
late
for
work



CLICK HERE TO
LEARN ABOUT THESE
PIECES & MORE IN
KATY'S PODCAST
FEATURE!





I said all that I could think of. I wrote it all down and I still gave it to you. It didn't make a difference to you. It shouldn't have. Just living with all the memories. All the songs, even the ones we didn't share make me think of you. Lately I just go to work and then go home and cry, fall asleep on the couch, curse your name but in the same breath wishing you came knocking on my door.

Just remembering how you and I held each other. It didn't make a difference. You were pretending. You're the best actor I know. You don't even have to try. What a heartbreak. What a thousand memories are worth. What are a thousand memories worth.

All of those things just remind me of how it felt when we were meant to be. Sometimes it subsides long enough to let me believe it was right, letting you let me go. Your name will be here, your town, your favorite beer, your favorite songs. You were a ghost that decided to contaminate me with the knowledge that you existed. You discarded me.

It happens to the best of us. I'll have to carry on under the weight of remembering us. The strength it requires to try to be happy now in spite of knowing you're still out there somewhere, you're still who you've always been even when you were with me.

But I'm changed, stripped of all the naivete that used to keep me safe.

It felt like love for the first time. It felt so real, so real, surreal.

I became too enveloped in you, too much for you, maybe not enough for you.

I guess I'll never know what made you turn and go, feelings ebb and flow. I have to exact all of my self control just to not drive past your old house, just to not look you up again, just to try not to figure out where you are now. I know that if I happened to stumble on you - you'd be happy with your life now, now that I'm gone, left behind.

I have to care about myself more than you ever did, more than I ever cared about you. I had to choose myself just because you never did.

Always the one left behind, trying to break all of my old habits. Falling all over myself for boys who never think about me, who never needed me, just wanted to use me, distort and break me.



FRIENDS | NICK | LONDON | ENGLAND | @THEPATHLIGHT





Faking It
michaela emerson

I always knew how to fake it
Faking it is in my blood

The way I hold smoke in the back of my throat
Just to act like I was high so no one would look at me differently

The way I hold tightly to a half full beer, the other half down the drain
Just to act like I was drunk, so no one would look at me differently

The way I would smile and nod almost instinctively
Just to act like I was one of them, so those girls wouldn't
Look at me differently

The way I hold you between my soft legs
Just to pretend that I wanted you in that way
So you wouldn't look at me differently

(But when I'm with you all of me is soft
Soft legs, soft lips, soft heart, soft ribs
Soft like clay so you could mold me any way you please)

I know how to fake it so you love me
Because all of my life I've been
Taught how to fake it

All my life I've been force fed lies about what I need
And all my life I really believed I needed you
I needed your love

But I here I am faking it some more
Faking it just to feel like I belong to you
Belong somewhere

Anywhere

Sometimes I feel like I'm faking my own breath
Tricking my own self into believing
That I really am alive

That I'm not affected by this social anxiety





"WHO TOLD YOU THIS WAS REAL?"



and Miller
Katie Polype, Missouri, Artist

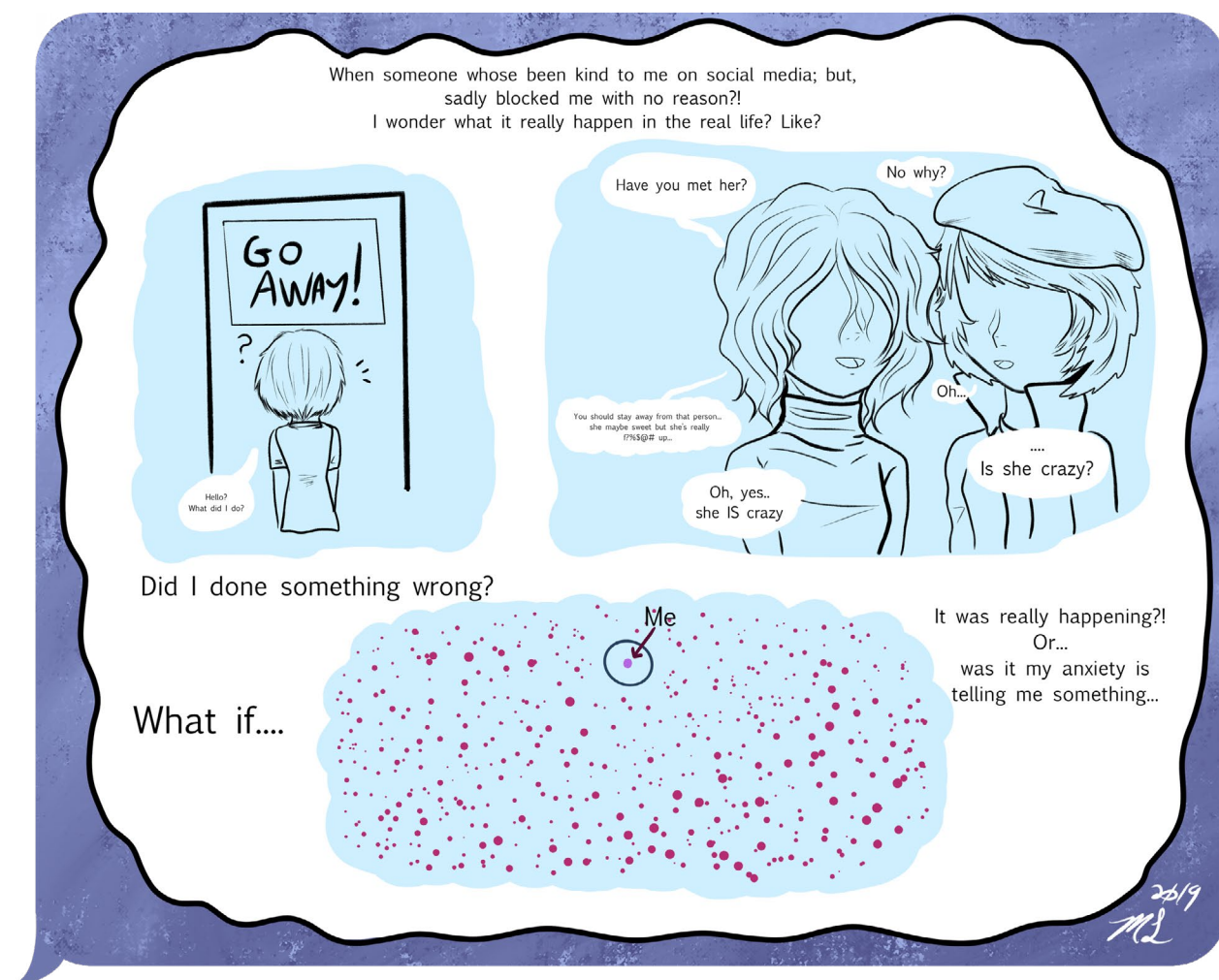
Her Mother. Mikki P

Artist in A

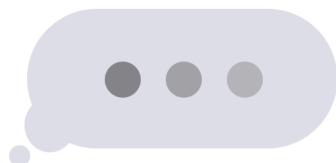


Phillippe,
Missouri



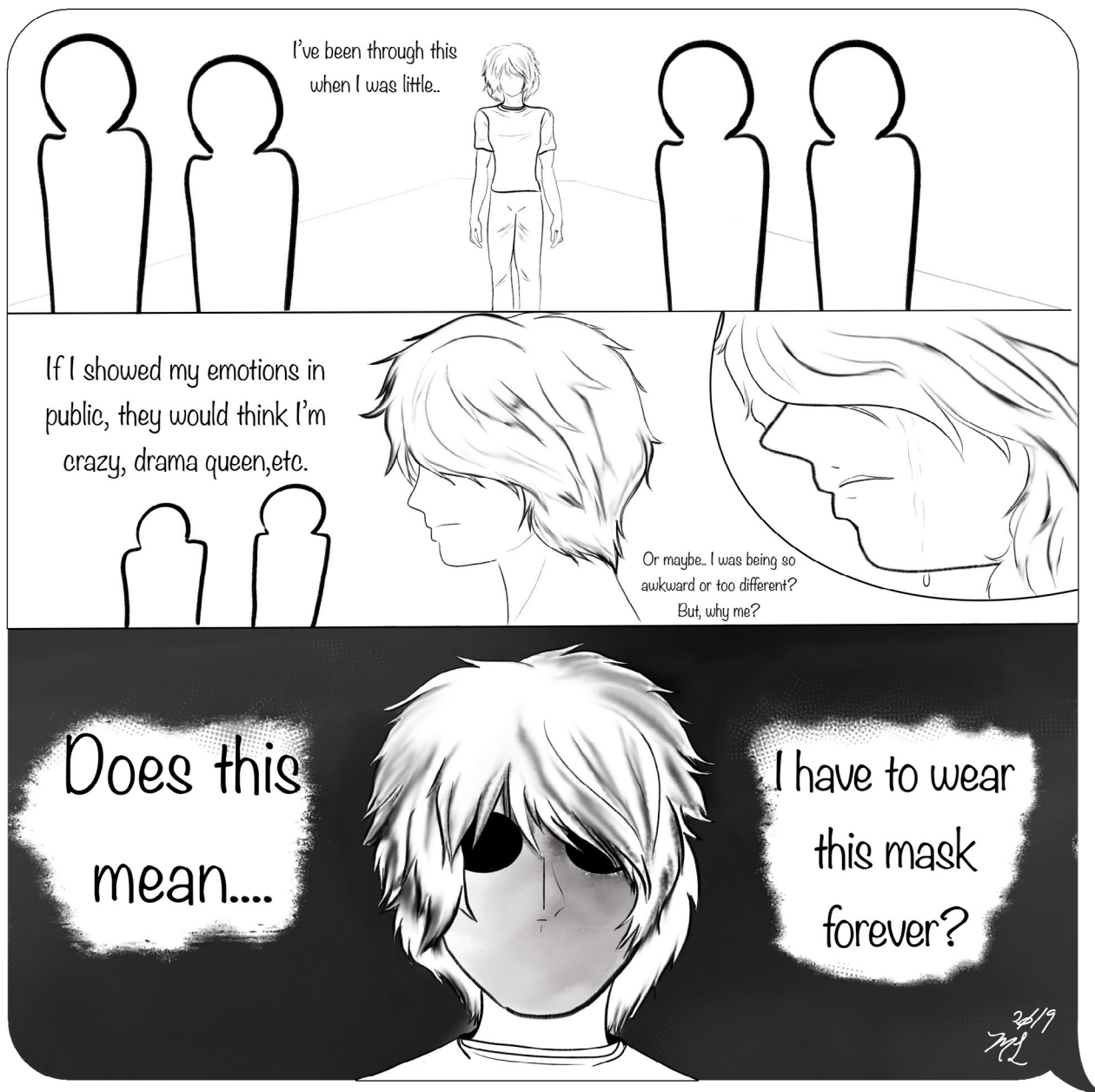


I have had so many thoughts from my social & generalized anxiety since I was a teen. But, thoughts like that happened since Fall 2017, and I still have thoughts about if it was real(?)





iMessage
Today 1:30 PM



I thought I could reflect on myself - what I've been through, the stigma of mental health - & put the mask on.

Delivered



MOTHER OF INVENTION

LEXICONLOVE.COM

INVITATION
ONLY







"These are five photos of a shoot that focuses on the bond of two extraordinary sisters, who I met in the streets of Berlin."

Models:

Elene
[@whosecare__x](#)

Maryam
[@k__asi](#)





The path of communion is what we
would call it to distract ourselves from
the weight of our wet bodies
in the heat's air or the weight of our
empty jugs soon to be sloshing
above our shoulders.

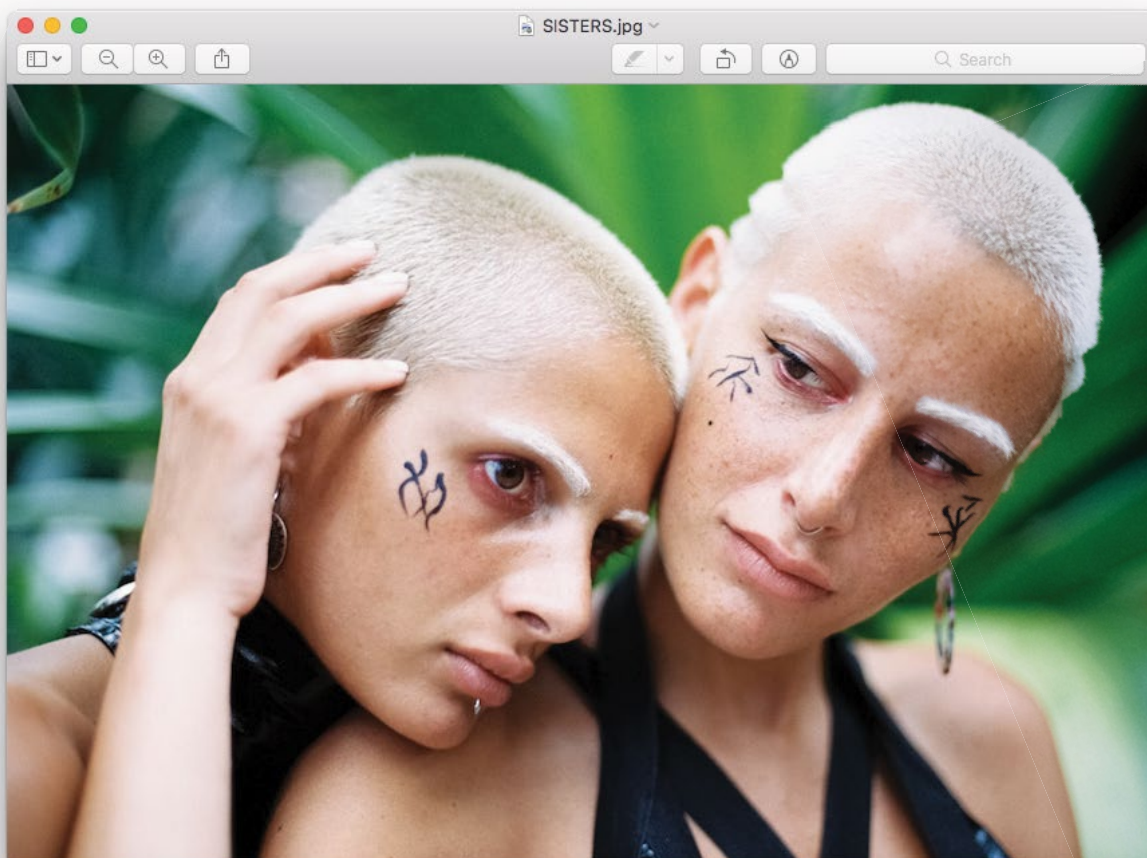
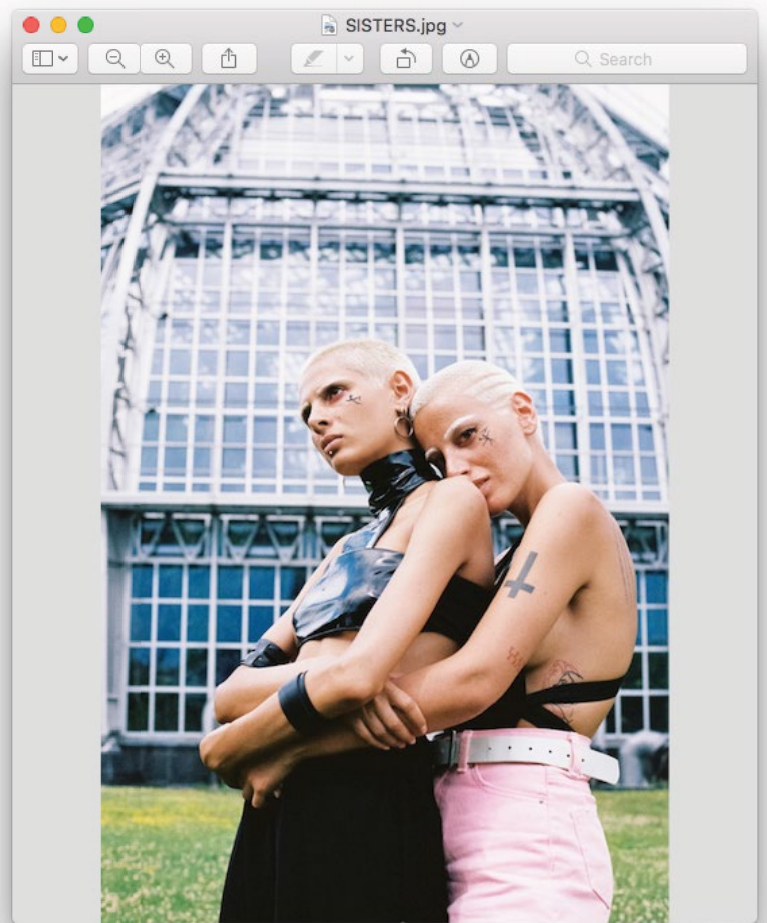
We'd rush our tiny legs to the oasis
only to take our conversations slowly
with the other women.
Even the elders seemed to linger and wade
in their silk bound words to one another,
giving gifts of ceaseless bondage.

Many sunsets and moonrises
have passed between the walk and I.

They build their wells closer to our villages
but farther away from our homes
with our sisters
in hopes that we will forget
the strange emptiness to our lands,
only to create more holes,
because who is to afford the upkeep
of a contraption we are ignorant to?

The dry dust cakes crumple and fold
beneath my feet as clouds of parched powder
rise to dance around my knees.
The others and me carry our jugs hastily
not to find water for our families,
but in hopes that our lost sisters
at the oasis haven't forgotten
that we are bound
in more than water,
but in the blood
of a traveling
Sisterhood.





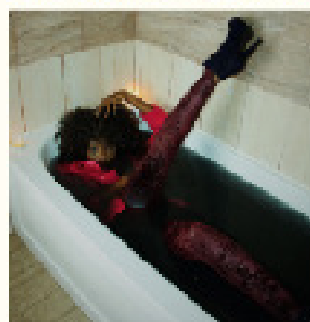
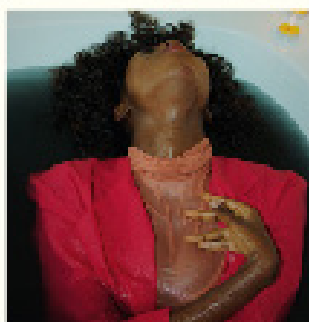
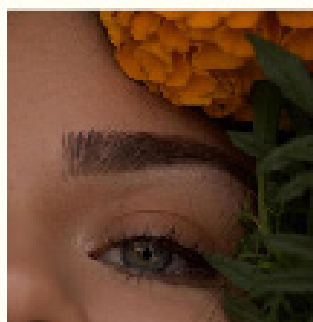
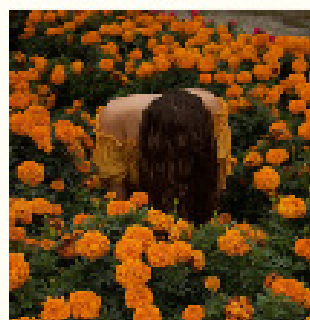
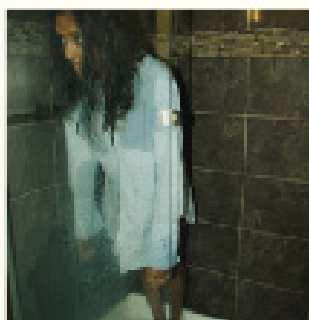
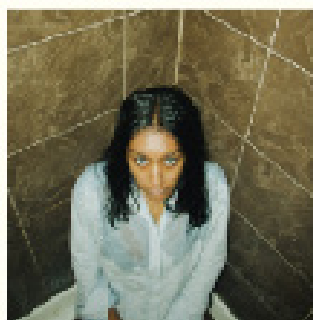
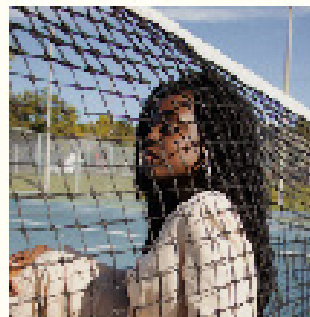




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This month's theme can be interpreted as anything with social media, I decided to look at the concept of self in a different way. I've always only ever taken pictures of myself by myself (aka #1). I tend to be a bit of a hermit, never really leaving the house or socializing my way. This month I challenged myself to get out of my comfort zone and shoot with new people from my neighborhood Tomisin, to my friend Neera, to my new friend Natalia, to someone I don't really know at all; Zee-ah. My venture forced me to really confront my social media in an environment I love so dearly; creative shoots. From forming new friendships, to growing old ones, I am more grateful for the stress-free nights I spent finishing my assignments after I'd put them off. This collage together.







poLEMICAL
ZINE



Issue 11, Vol. 1: Social

SWEET
ISSUE 10 - VOL 1



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SWEET
ISSUE 10 - VOL 2



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ISSUE 09 V1
QUESTION



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ISSUE 09 V2
QUESTION

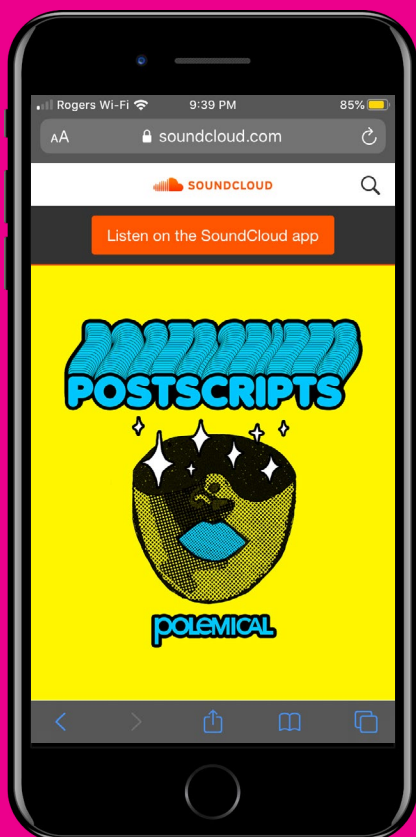


poLEMICAL
ZINE

THANK YOU ALL



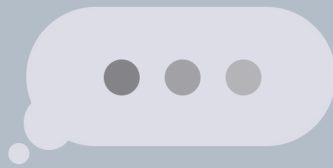
BE SURE TO CHECK OUT OUR NEW PODCAST...



@POLEMICALZINE



ADETO KUNBO
ALEX BENKE
AMELIA EQBAL
AMOROUS
AMZZZ
ANA ESCOBAR
ANDREA VALDIVIA
ANDY MCFLY
ASH MOON
ASTRID MACDOUGALL
BRYN MCCUTCHEON
CACHE OWENS
CAITLYN CONVILLE
CODY CUPMAN
COLLAGE THE WORLD
CRYSTAL
DANIEL O'DEMPSEY
DANIELA ARTEAGA
DEAD ELK
DELANEY DAVIDSON
DINA BAXEVANAKIS
EFE TAPIA
ELENE
ENRICO DEDIN
EVA GABRIELLA FLYNN
FATIMA AL-JARMAN
FERNANDO MUJICA
GALYA KERNS
GEMMA SANSOM
HIERBALIMON TOCADOS
INDIGO EDEN
JAMES ALEXANDER MCKENZIE
JASMINE KAUR
JOCY
JOSÈ LUIS PIÑERO
KATY SMITH
KELLI BLUE
KIKI JIMENEZ
KIRIXIN
KITCHY
KOSMOS PELUQUERÍA
KURT COLE EIDSVIG
KYLIE WALTERS
LALA WATKINS
LAYAN DAJANI
LEXICON LOVE
LILLIAN PRICER
LISA SIMMS
LISA WICKA
MABE TEFEHENE
MARCO BEVILACQUA
MARCO LEHMBECK
MARIAH
MARYAM
MARYAM EMAMDEE
MARYCARMEN SOBRINO
MEGHAN LEVAUGHN
MER FLORENCE MEDINA
METTE
MICHAELA EMERSON
MILICENT FAMBROUGH
NATASHA SHYLIE
NAZ NAHIDI
NICK
NILE MARUCCI-CAMPBELL
REBECCA MCLAREN
RENAN
RESPLENDENCE
ROSALINDA MUJICA
ROSE QUARTZ
SABRINA IAMONTE
SANJÉ JAMES
SARA AL-AMMARI
SEIGAR
SHERRY YENIKA
SOLARIS ADARFIO
STEEZY ON DOOMSDAY
STEPANYAN LILIT
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THE M.A.S. PROJECT
TIMKA SZŐKE
TOM AMORETTI
YAYLOR
YURENA RAMOS



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